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Cyclops. Storm. Nightcrawler. Wolverine. Colossus. Children of the atom, students of Charles Xavier, MUTANTS — feared and hated by the world they have sworn to protect. These are the STRANGEST heroes of all!

Stan Lee PRESENTS: THE UNCANNY X-MEN!™

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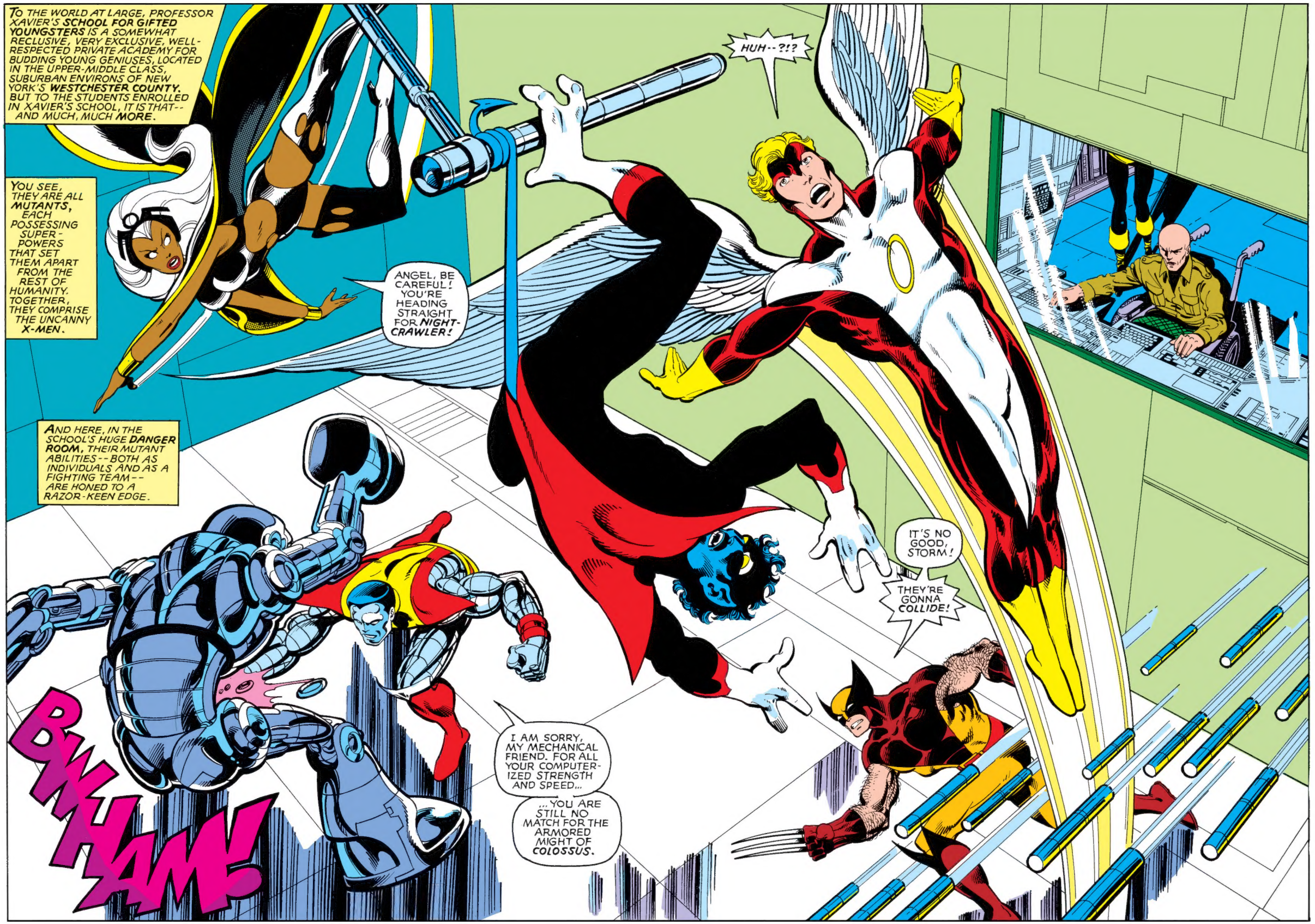
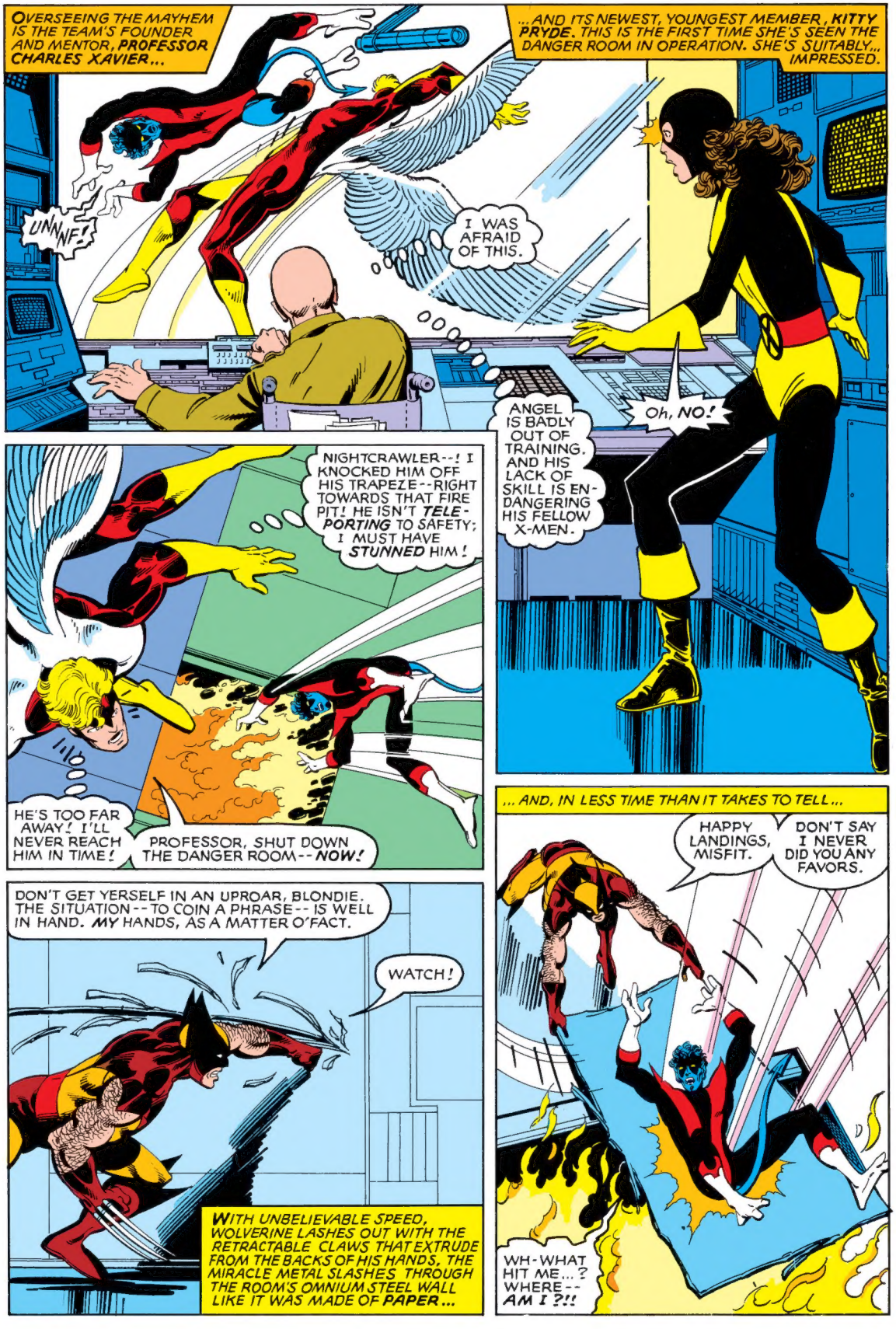
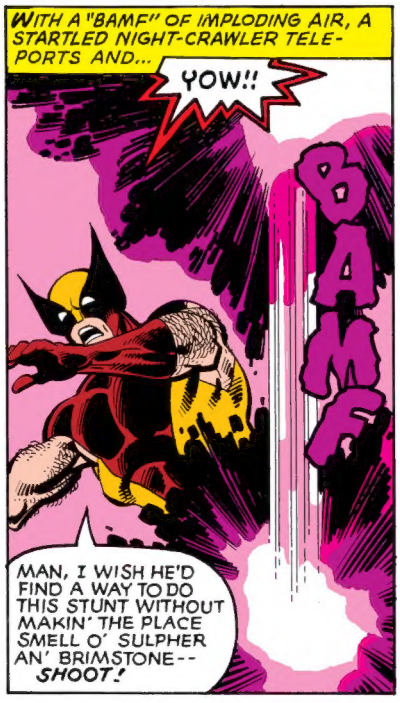
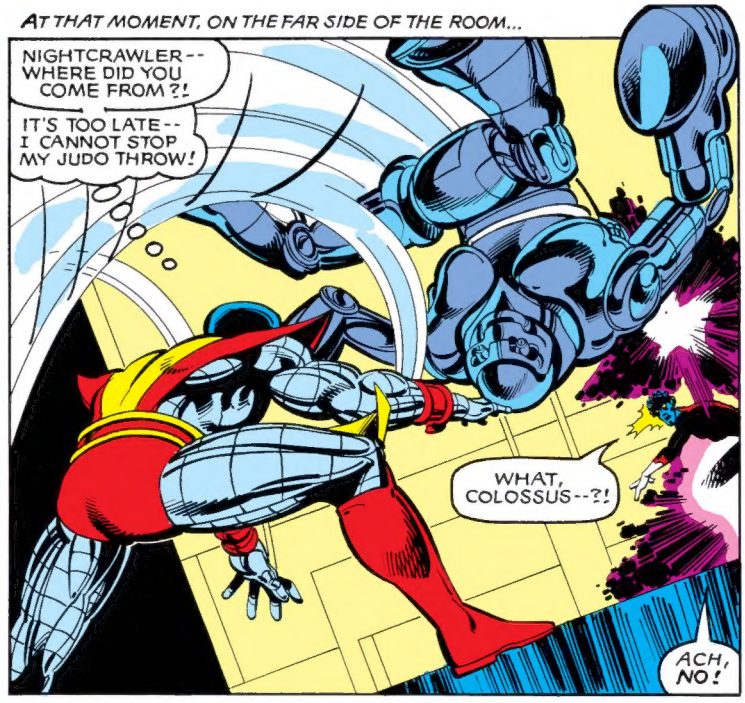

TO THE WORLD AT LARGE, PROFESSOR XAVIER'S SCHOOL FOR GIFTED YOUNGSTERS IS A SOMEWHAT RECLUSIVE, VERY EXCLUSIVE, WELL-RESPECTED PRIVATE ACADEMY FOR BUDDING YOUNG GENIUSES, LOCATED IN THE UPPER-MIDDLE CLASS, SUBURBAN ENVIRONS OF NEW YORK'S WESTCHESTER COUNTY. BUT TO THE STUDENTS ENROLLED IN XAVIER'S SCHOOL, IT IS THAT-- AND MUCH, MUCH MORE.
YOU SEE, THEY ARE ALL MUTANTS, EACH POSSESSING SUPER-POWERS THAT SET THEM APART FROM THE REST OF HUMANITY. TOGETHER, THEY COMPRISE THE UNCANNY X-MEN.
AND HERE, IN THE SCHOOL'S HUGE DANGER ROOM, THEIR MUTANT ABILITIES--BOTH AS INDIVIDUALS AND AS A FIGHTING TEAM--ARE HONED TO A RAZOR-KEEN EDGE.
HUH--?!?
ANGEL, BE CAREFUL! YOU'RE HEADING STRAIGHT FOR NIGHT-CRAWLER!
IT'S NO GOOD, STORM!
THEY'RE GONNA COLLIDE!
I AM SORRY, MY MECHANICAL FRIEND. FOR ALL YOUR COMPUTER-IZED STRENGTH AND SPEED...
...YOU ARE STILL NO MATCH FOR THE ARMORED MIGHT OF COLOSSUS.
BWHAM!


OVERSEEING THE MAYHEM IS THE TEAM'S FOUNDER AND MENTOR, PROFESSOR CHARLES XAVIER...
UNNNF!
I WAS AFRAID OF THIS.
... AND ITS NEWEST, YOUNGEST MEMBER, KITTY PRYDE. THIS IS THE FIRST TIME SHE'S SEEN THE DANGER ROOM IN OPERATION. SHE'S SUITABLY... IMPRESSED.
ANGEL IS BADLY OUT OF TRAINING. AND HIS LACK OF SKILL IS ENDANGERING HIS FELLOW X-MEN.
Oh, NO!
NIGHTCRAWLER--! I KNOCKED HIM OFF HIS TRAPEZE--RIGHT TOWARDS THAT FIRE PIT! HE ISN'T TELEPORTING TO SAFETY; I MUST HAVE STUNNED HIM!
HE'S TOO FAR AWAY! I'LL NEVER REACH HIM IN TIME!
PROFESSOR, SHUT DOWN THE DANGER ROOM--NOW!
DON'T GET YERSELF IN AN UPROAR, BLONDIE. THE SITUATION--TO COIN A PHRASE--IS WELL IN HAND. MY HANDS, AS A MATTER O'FACT.
WATCH!
WITH UNBELIEVABLE SPEED, WOLVERINE LASHES OUT WITH THE RETRACTABLE CLAWS THAT EXTRUDE FROM THE BACKS OF HIS HANDS. THE MIRACLE METAL SLASHES THROUGH THE ROOM'S OMNIUM STEEL WALL LIKE IT WAS MADE OF PAPER...
... AND, IN LESS TIME THAN IT TAKES TO TELL...
HAPPY LANDINGS, MISFIT.
DON'T SAY I NEVER DID YOU ANY FAVORS.
WH-WHAT HIT ME...? WHERE--AM I?!!

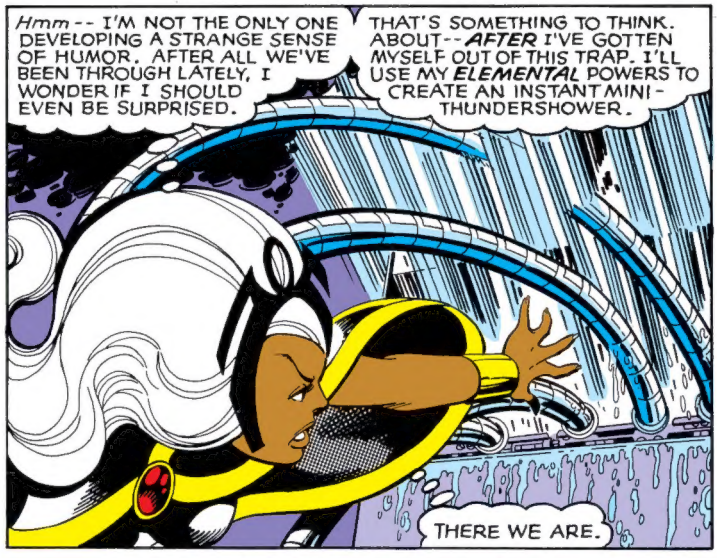

WITH A "BAMF" OF IMPLODING AIR, A STARTLED NIGHT-CRAWLER TELE-PORTS AND...
YOW!!
BAMF
MAN, I WISH HE'D FIND A WAY TO DO THIS STUNT WITHOUT MAKIN' THE PLACE SMELL O' SULPHER AN' BRIMSTONE-- SHOOT!

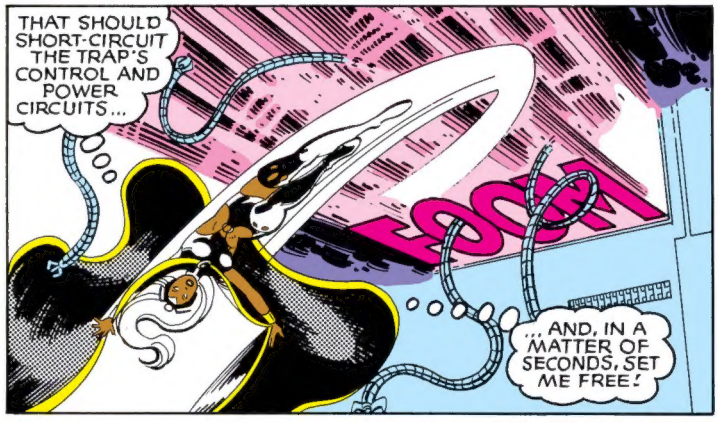

AT THAT MOMENT, ON THE FAR SIDE OF THE ROOM...
NIGHTCRAWLER-- WHERE DID YOU COME FROM?!
IT'S TOO LATE-- I CANNOT STOP MY JUDO THROW!
WHAT, COLOSSUS--?!
ACH, NO!

HAVE NO FEAR, STORM IS HERE!
I'VE HEARD OF OUT OF THE FIRE AND INTO THE FRYING PAN BEFORE, MY FRIEND, BUT...
I KNOW, I KNOW-- THIS IS RIDICULOUS.
TO TELL THE TRUTH, STORM, I'M NOT AT ALL SURE I LIKE YOUR NEW SENSE OF HUMOR.

Oh?
OH!!

COLOSSUS, CATCH NIGHTCRAWLER!
SORRY TO DROP YOU LIKE THIS, KURT...
...BUT I'LL HAVE A BETTER CHANCE OF DEALING WITH THESE TENTACLES IF I DON'T HAVE TO SPLIT MY CONCENTRATION BETWEEN THEM AND YOU.
I HAVE HIM, STORM.
I WILL EVEN BE GENTLE.


Hmm -- I'M NOT THE ONLY ONE DEVELOPING A STRANGE SENSE OF HUMOR. AFTER ALL WE'VE BEEN THROUGH LATELY, I WONDER IF I SHOULD EVEN BE SURPRISED.
THAT'S SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT--AFTER I'VE GOTTEN MYSELF OUT OF THIS TRAP. I'LL USE MY ELEMENTAL POWERS TO CREATE AN INSTANT MINI-THUNDERSHOWER.
THERE WE ARE.


THAT SHOULD SHORT-CIRCUIT THE TRAP'S CONTROL AND POWER CIRCUITS...
...AND, IN A MATTER OF SECONDS, SET ME FREE!

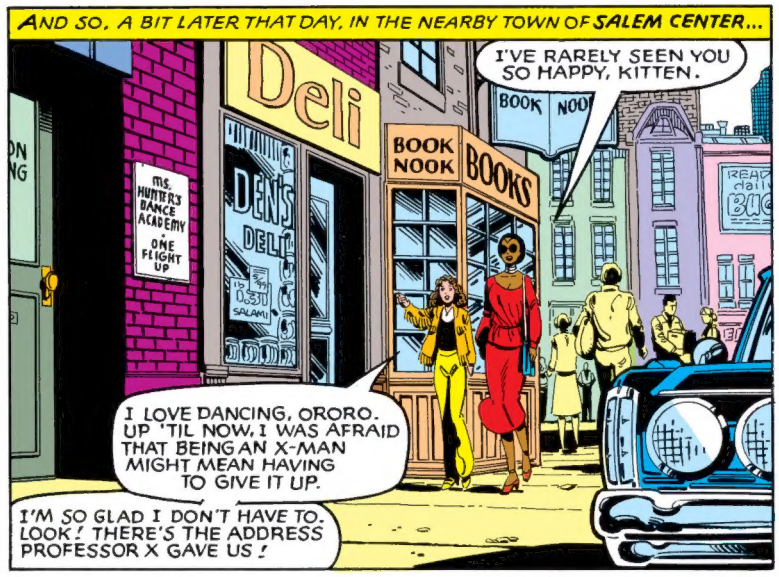
WELL DONE, ORORO!
I GOTTA ADMIT, DARLIN'...
THANK YOU, PETER.
...I'M BEGINNING TA THINK CHARLEY MADE THE RIGHT DECISION WHEN HE NAMED YOU TEAM LEADER AFTER CYCLOPS LEFT. *
*ON A LEAVE OF ABSENCE, AT THE END OF LAST ISSUE.

WOLVERINE, CALL ME 'PROFESSOR,' 'PROFESSOR X', 'PROFESSOR XAVIER', OR EVEN, IF YOU MUST, 'CHARLES'. BUT NOT 'CHARLEY'. IS THAT UNDERSTOOD?
SURE, CHUCK.
Uh, GUYS, IS IT SAFE TO COME IN NOW?
I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE GOING TO SAY, PROFESSOR. MY DUMB MOVES NEARLY GOT NIGHTCRAWLER BADLY HURT--OR WORSE.
I'M SORRY. IT WON'T HAPPEN AGAIN.

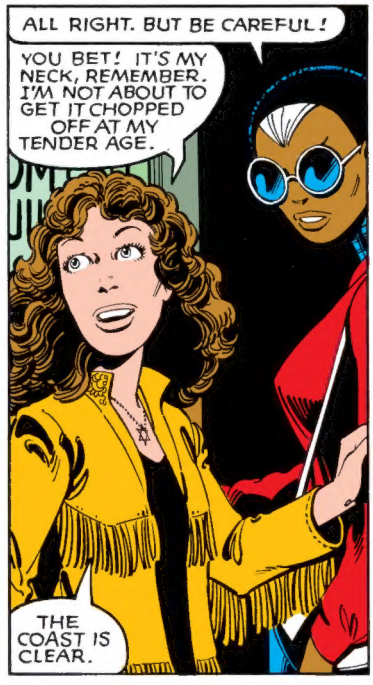
SURE IT WILL, FLY-BOY. YOU BEEN DOIN' A SOLO SUPER-HERO ACT LATELY-- WHEN YOU'VE BEEN DOIN' IT AT ALL. IT TAKES TIME TA GET BACK INTA HARNESS. YOU AIN'T DONE MAKIN' MISTAKES, BUB, NOT BY A LONG SHOT.
NO NEED TA GO OVER-BOARD WORRYIN' ABOUT IT, THOUGH. WE'LL HELP YOU OVER THE ROUGH SPOTS.
HEY! SPEAKIN' O' NIGHTCRAWLER, WHERE'D HE GO?
SOMEONE MENTION MY NAME?
I GOT A TELEPATHIC CUE FROM PROFESSOR X. AFTER OUR HARD MORNING'S WORKOUT, HE FELT WE COULD ALL USE SOME FRESH-SQUEEZED, ICE-COLD LEMONADE. GATHER 'ROUND, EVERYONE!
YIKES!
THIS IS CRAZY! EACH TIME I SEE NIGHTCRAWLER, I FLINCH! I CAN'T SEEM TO HELP MYSELF. I WANT TO LIKE HIM, BUT HE LOOKS SO... DIFFERENT. HE GIVES ME THE CREEPS.
KITTY'S HIDING HER FEELINGS WELL, BUT I KNOW I STILL MAKE HER NERVOUS. I'VE TRIED TO BREAK THE ICE BETWEEN US, BUT SO FAR, NOTHING'S WORKED.
I'LL SIMPLY HAVE TO KEEP TRYING. I LIKE HER TOO MUCH TO GIVE UP.
NICE MOVE, PAL-- EXCEPT I DON'T DRINK LEMONADE.
MOLSON EXPORT
Aha! THAT MUST BE WHY I BROUGHT ALONG A BEER!
COLOSSUS' ORGANIC STEEL ARMOR BECOMES FLESH AND...
WHAT IS THE MATTER, KITTY? YOU LOOK SO SERIOUS.
Oh, I DUNNO. IT'S... THIS DANGER ROOM.
YOU COULD HAVE BEEN HURT IN HERE, PETER. I COULD BE HURT IN HERE.
I GUESS I'M SCARED OF IT, OF WHAT MIGHT HAPPEN.
A HEALTHY, ALTOGETHER SENSIBLE REACTION, KITTY. I'D HAVE BEEN SURPRISED-- AND CONCERNED-- IF YOU WEREN'T SCARED.
BUT YOU WON'T BE TURNED LOOSE IN HERE UNTIL YOU'RE READY, UNTIL I'M CERTAIN YOU CAN COPE WITH ANYTHING THE DANGER ROOM THROWS AT YOU. YOU HAVE MUCH TO LEARN, YOUNG LADY.
GEE-- AND I FIGURED THE LIFE OF A SUPER-HERO WOULD BE ALL FUN-AN'-GAMES.

IF ONLY IT WERE.
AS AN X-MAN, KITTY, YOU'LL NEED A CODE-NAME, TO PROTECT YOUR TRUE IDENTITY. WHAT DO YOU THINK OF, "ARIEL?"
YUCK.
NO OFFENSE, PROFESSOR, BUT DO I HAVE TO TAKE IT?
I MEAN, IT'S ...OKAY, BUT IT DOESN'T REALLY SEND ME.
WELL NOW, LITTLE ONE, WE CERTAINLY WOULDN'T WANT TO GIVE YOU A NAME YOU DON'T LIKE. LET'S SEE...
WHAT ABOUT "SPRITE?"
YEAH... YEAH!
BUT I BETTER NOT HEAR ANY CRACKS ABOUT PEOPLE PULLIN' MY "TAB!"
OUCH!
X-MEN, I PROPOSE A TOAST-- TO OUR NEWEST MEMBER: "SPRITE!"
I HOPE YOU WILL BE HAPPY WITH US, KITTY. I PRAY YOU WILL NOT BE HURT, AS WE HAVE BEEN HURT. AND YET, I FEAR THAT, SOONER OR LATER, YOU WILL.
WOLVERINE, I'VE BEEN MEANING TO ASK YOU: WHY THE NEW COSTUME?
WHY NOT?
PROFESSOR, GOT A MINUTE?
I'VE BEEN THINKING ABOUT MY HASSLES WITH THE GOVERNMENT BACK HOME IN CANADA. YOU KNOW I WAS PART O' THEIR SECRET SERVICE 'TIL I RESIGNED TO JOIN THE X-MEN.
TROUBLE IS, THEY REFUSED TO ACCEPT MY RESIGNATION. FOR ALL I KNOW, THEY MAY EVEN HAVE A WARRANT OUT FOR MY ARREST. IF THIS ISN'T CLEARED UP--ONE WAY OR THE OTHER--THEY'LL BE HASSLIN' THE X-MEN FROM NOW 'TIL DOOMSDAY.
IT'S MY MESS. I FIGURE IT'S TIME I WENT HOME TO STRAIGHTEN IT OUT.
I AGREE, WOLVERINE-- SUCH A MOVE ON YOUR PART IS LONG OVERDUE. BUT I'M NOT SURE YOU SHOULD GO ALONE.
DON'T TRUST ME, huh? CAN'T SAY I BLAME YOU.
WANT'A PLAY "CHAPERONE," MISFIT? KEEP ME OUT OF TROUBLE?
WHY NOT?
MY MOTHER ALWAYS SAID I LIKED TO LIVE DANGEROUSLY. BESIDES, I'D LIKE TO SEE AURORA AGAIN; SHE'S A REAL "FOXY LADY."

I'LL MAKE THE NECESSARY TRAVEL ARRANGEMENTS.
REALLY?! THAT'S GREAT-- I THINK.
WHAT IS IT?
IN THE MEANTIME, I'VE ONE MORE SURPRISE FOR SPRITE.
GO WITH STORM. SHE'LL SHOW YOU.


AND SO, A BIT LATER THAT DAY, IN THE NEARBY TOWN OF SALEM CENTER...
Deli
DEN'S DELI
MS. HUNTER'S DANCE ACADEMY • ONE FLIGHT UP
BOOK NOOK
BOOKS
I'VE RARELY SEEN YOU SO HAPPY, KITTEN.
I LOVE DANCING, ORORO. UP 'TIL NOW, I WAS AFRAID THAT BEING AN X-MAN MIGHT MEAN HAVING TO GIVE IT UP.
I'M SO GLAD I DON'T HAVE TO. LOOK! THERE'S THE ADDRESS PROFESSOR X GAVE US!

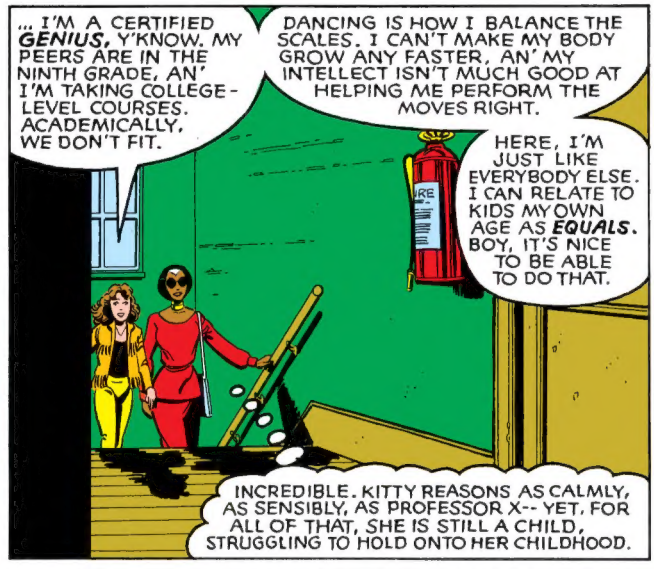
THIS IS THE ONLY ENTRANCE-- BUT THE DOOR WON'T OPEN. IT ISN'T LOCKED. SOMETHING MUST BE BLOCKING IT ON THE OTHER SIDE.
NO PROBLEM. I'LL CLEAR IT.

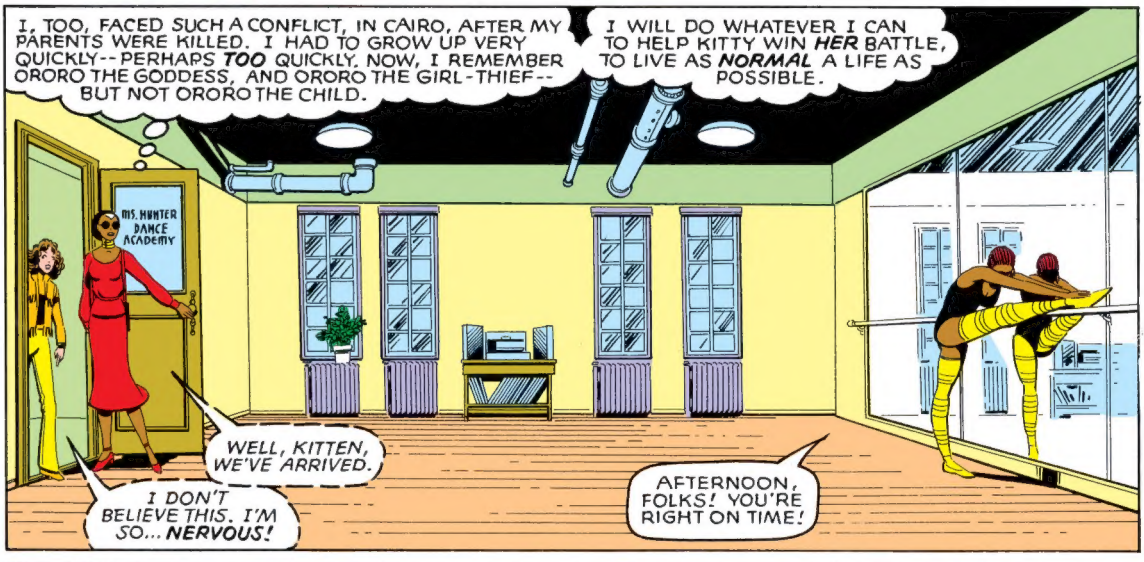

ALL RIGHT. BUT BE CAREFUL!
YOU BET! IT'S MY NECK, REMEMBER. I'M NOT ABOUT TO GET IT CHOPPED OFF AT MY TENDER AGE.
THE COAST IS CLEAR.

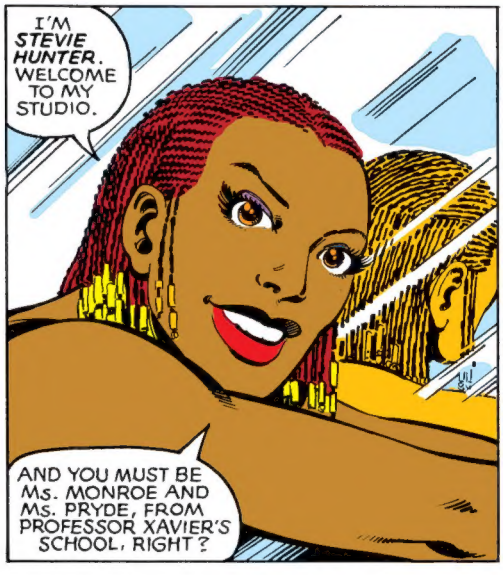
KEEP ME COVERED, ORORO. I'LL BE RIGHT BACK.
SHE CONCENTRATES...
...FEELING AN INCREASINGLY FAMILIAR BUZZ OF ENERGY AT THE BASE OF HER SKULL...

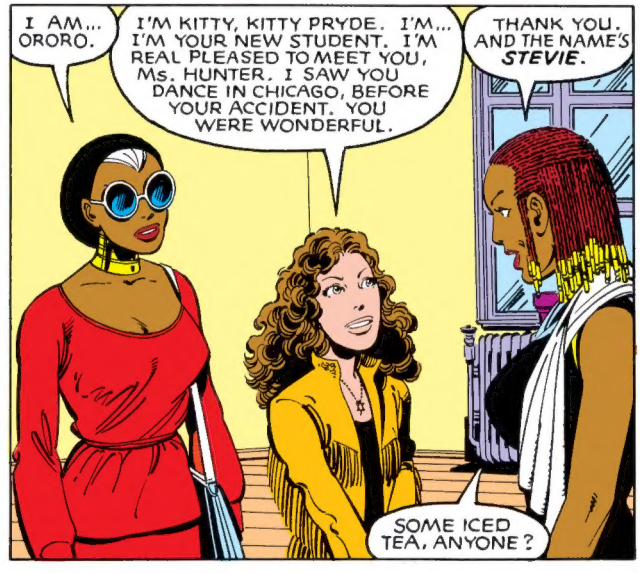
... AND-- WITH AN EASE THAT THRILLS AND EXCITES HER MORE THAN ALMOST ANYTHING SHE'S EVER KNOWN--
--KITTY PRYDE "PHASES" THROUGH THE DOOR.
MADE IT!
AND IT DIDN'T TAKE HARDLY ANY EFFORT AT ALL!
BOY, WHAT A MESS! WHOEVER TAKES CARE OF THIS BUILDING OUGHT TO BE ASHAMED OF HIMSELF. I'LL HAVE IT TIDIED UP IN A JIFFY.

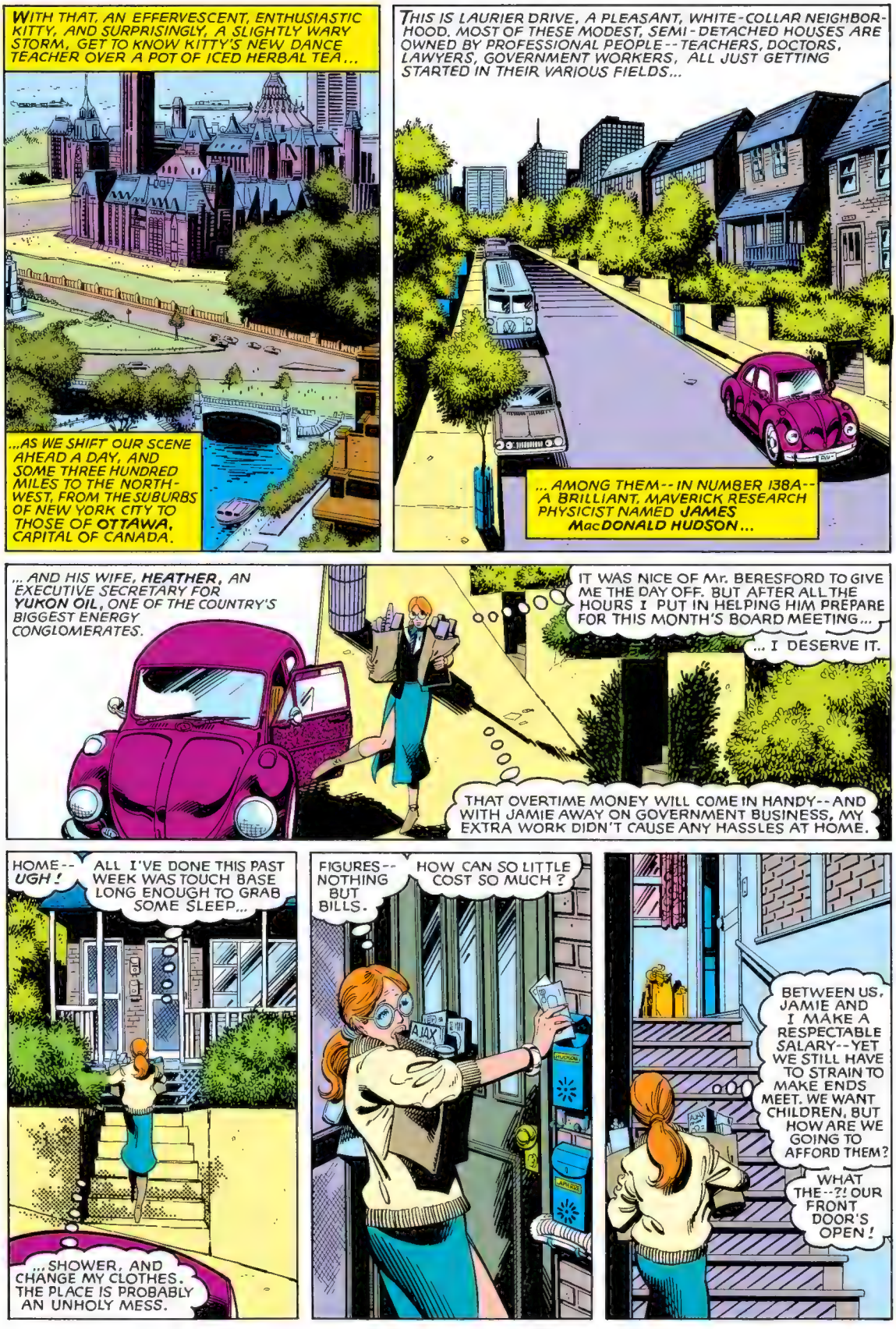
HI, THERE! MISS ME?
TERRIBLY.
Awww--I BET YOU SAY THAT TO ALL THE X-MEN.

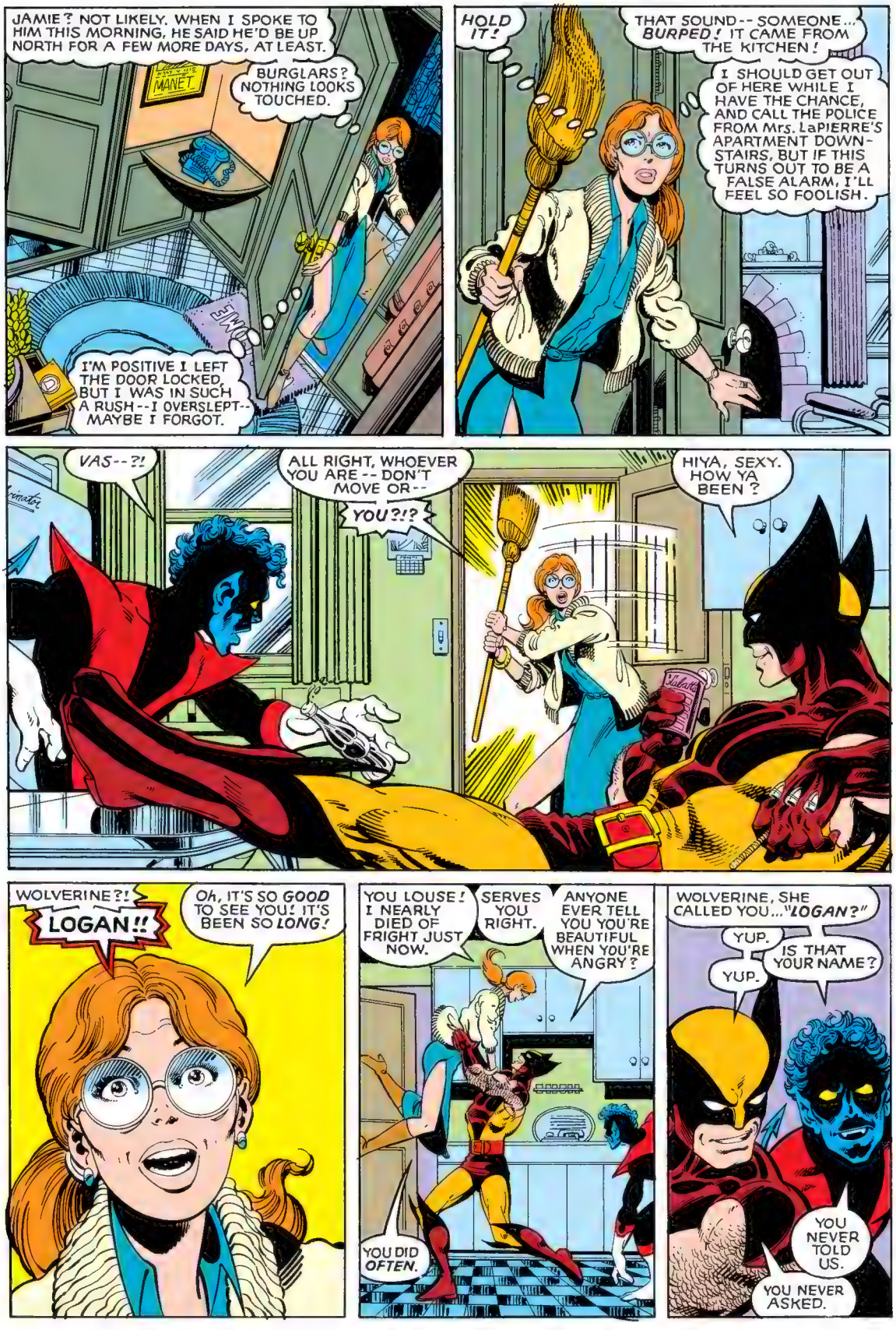

... I'M A CERTIFIED GENIUS, Y'KNOW. MY PEERS ARE IN THE NINTH GRADE, AN' I'M TAKING COLLEGE-LEVEL COURSES. ACADEMICALLY, WE DON'T FIT.
DANCING IS HOW I BALANCE THE SCALES. I CAN'T MAKE MY BODY GROW ANY FASTER, AN' MY INTELLECT ISN'T MUCH GOOD AT HELPING ME PERFORM THE MOVES RIGHT.
HERE, I'M JUST LIKE EVERYBODY ELSE. I CAN RELATE TO KIDS MY OWN AGE AS EQUALS. BOY, IT'S NICE TO BE ABLE TO DO THAT.
INCREDIBLE. KITTY REASONS AS CALMLY, AS SENSIBLY, AS PROFESSOR X-- YET, FOR ALL OF THAT, SHE IS STILL A CHILD, STRUGGLING TO HOLD ONTO HER CHILDHOOD.


I, TOO, FACED SUCH A CONFLICT, IN CAIRO, AFTER MY PARENTS WERE KILLED. I HAD TO GROW UP VERY QUICKLY--PERHAPS TOO QUICKLY. NOW, I REMEMBER ORORO THE GODDESS, AND ORORO THE GIRL-THIEF-- BUT NOT ORORO THE CHILD.
I WILL DO WHATEVER I CAN TO HELP KITTY WIN HER BATTLE, TO LIVE AS NORMAL A LIFE AS POSSIBLE.
MS. HUNTER DANCE ACADEMY
WELL, KITTEN, WE'VE ARRIVED.
I DON'T BELIEVE THIS. I'M SO... NERVOUS!
AFTERNOON, FOLKS! YOU'RE RIGHT ON TIME!


I'M STEVIE HUNTER. WELCOME TO MY STUDIO.
AND YOU MUST BE Ms. MONROE AND Ms. PRYDE, FROM PROFESSOR XAVIER'S SCHOOL, RIGHT?


I AM... ORORO.
I'M KITTY, KITTY PRYDE. I'M... I'M YOUR NEW STUDENT. I'M REAL PLEASED TO MEET YOU, Ms. HUNTER. I SAW YOU DANCE IN CHICAGO, BEFORE YOUR ACCIDENT. YOU WERE WONDERFUL.
THANK YOU. AND THE NAME'S STEVIE.
SOME ICED TEA, ANYONE?


WITH THAT, AN EFFERVESCENT, ENTHUSIASTIC KITTY, AND SURPRISINGLY, A SLIGHTLY WARY STORM, GET TO KNOW KITTY'S NEW DANCE TEACHER OVER A POT OF ICED HERBAL TEA...
...AS WE SHIFT OUR SCENE AHEAD A DAY, AND SOME THREE HUNDRED MILES TO THE NORTH-WEST, FROM THE SUBURBS OF NEW YORK CITY TO THOSE OF OTTAWA, CAPITAL OF CANADA.
THIS IS LAURIER DRIVE, A PLEASANT, WHITE-COLLAR NEIGHBORHOOD. MOST OF THESE MODEST, SEMI-DETACHED HOUSES ARE OWNED BY PROFESSIONAL PEOPLE--TEACHERS, DOCTORS, LAWYERS, GOVERNMENT WORKERS, ALL JUST GETTING STARTED IN THEIR VARIOUS FIELDS...
... AMONG THEM--IN NUMBER 138A--A BRILLIANT, MAVERICK RESEARCH PHYSICIST NAMED JAMES MacDONALD HUDSON...
... AND HIS WIFE, HEATHER, AN EXECUTIVE SECRETARY FOR YUKON OIL, ONE OF THE COUNTRY'S BIGGEST ENERGY CONGLOMERATES.
IT WAS NICE OF Mr. BERESFORD TO GIVE ME THE DAY OFF. BUT AFTER ALL THE HOURS I PUT IN HELPING HIM PREPARE FOR THIS MONTH'S BOARD MEETING...
... I DESERVE IT.
THAT OVERTIME MONEY WILL COME IN HANDY--AND WITH JAMIE AWAY ON GOVERNMENT BUSINESS, MY EXTRA WORK DIDN'T CAUSE ANY HASSLES AT HOME.
HOME--UGH!
ALL I'VE DONE THIS PAST WEEK WAS TOUCH BASE LONG ENOUGH TO GRAB SOME SLEEP...
...SHOWER, AND CHANGE MY CLOTHES. THE PLACE IS PROBABLY AN UNHOLY MESS.
FIGURES--NOTHING BUT BILLS.
HOW CAN SO LITTLE COST SO MUCH?
AJAX
BETWEEN US, JAMIE AND I MAKE A RESPECTABLE SALARY--YET WE STILL HAVE TO STRAIN TO MAKE ENDS MEET. WE WANT CHILDREN, BUT HOW ARE WE GOING TO AFFORD THEM?
WHAT THE--?! OUR FRONT DOOR'S OPEN!


JAMIE? NOT LIKELY. WHEN I SPOKE TO HIM THIS MORNING, HE SAID HE'D BE UP NORTH FOR A FEW MORE DAYS, AT LEAST.
BURGLARS? NOTHING LOOKS TOUCHED.
I'M POSITIVE I LEFT THE DOOR LOCKED, BUT I WAS IN SUCH A RUSH--I OVERSLEPT--MAYBE I FORGOT.
HOLD IT!
THAT SOUND--SOMEONE... BURPED! IT CAME FROM THE KITCHEN!
I SHOULD GET OUT OF HERE WHILE I HAVE THE CHANCE, AND CALL THE POLICE FROM Mrs. LaPIERRE'S APARTMENT DOWNSTAIRS, BUT IF THIS TURNS OUT TO BE A FALSE ALARM, I'LL FEEL SO FOOLISH.
VAS--?!
ALL RIGHT, WHOEVER YOU ARE--DON'T MOVE OR--
YOU?!?
HIYA, SEXY. HOW YA BEEN?
WOLVERINE?!
LOGAN!!
OH, IT'S SO GOOD TO SEE YOU! IT'S BEEN SO LONG!
YOU LOUSE! I NEARLY DIED OF FRIGHT JUST NOW.
SERVES YOU RIGHT.
ANYONE EVER TELL YOU YOU'RE BEAUTIFUL WHEN YOU'RE ANGRY?
YOU DID OFTEN.
WOLVERINE, SHE CALLED YOU..."LOGAN?"
YUP.
YUP.
IS THAT YOUR NAME?
YOU NEVER TOLD US.
YOU NEVER ASKED.

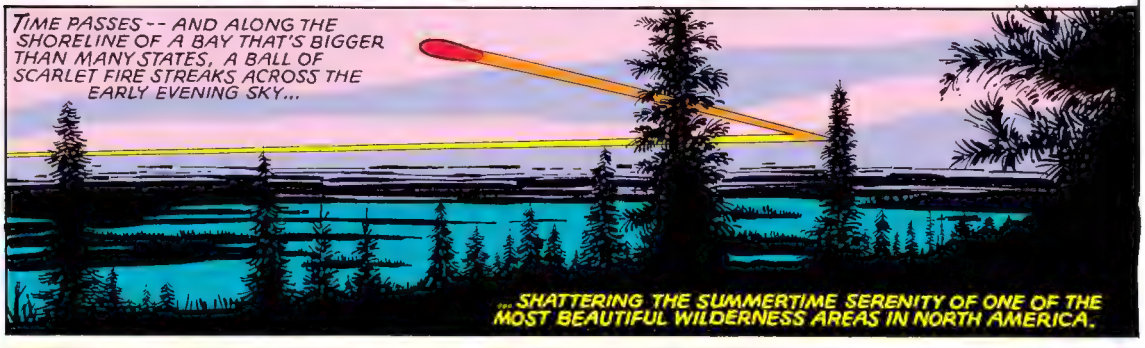
YOUR FRIEND IS ONE OF THE X-MEN, RIGHT? JAMIE TOLD ME ABOUT THEM AFTER YOU HAD THAT SCRAP IN CALGARY.* THIS IS... NIGHT-CREEPER?

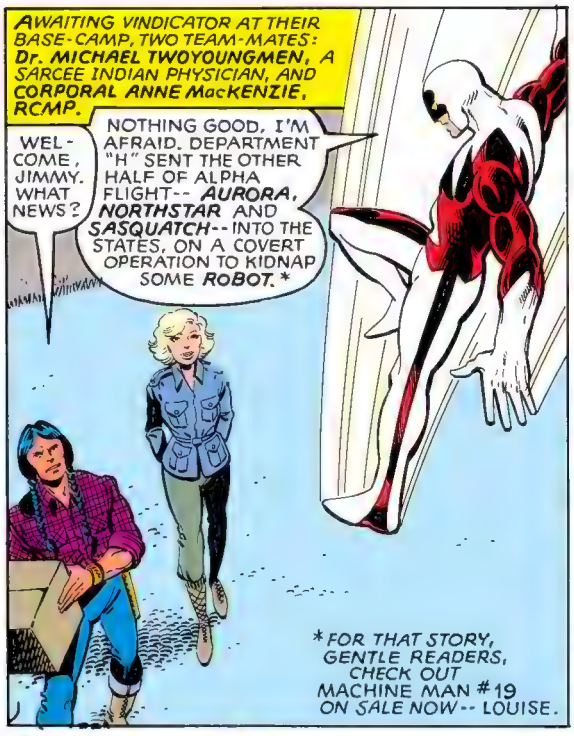
NIGHT-CRAWLER.

TAKE A BOW, PAL, AN' MAKE NICE WITH THE LADY. 'TILL I MET YOU CLOWNS, SHE AN' MAC WERE THE ONLY TRUE FRIENDS I EVER HAD.

ENCHANTÉ, MADAME. WITH FRIENDS LIKE YOU, I CAN'T IMAGINE WHERE WOLVERINE DEVELOPED HIS "DELIGHTFUL" PERSONALITY.

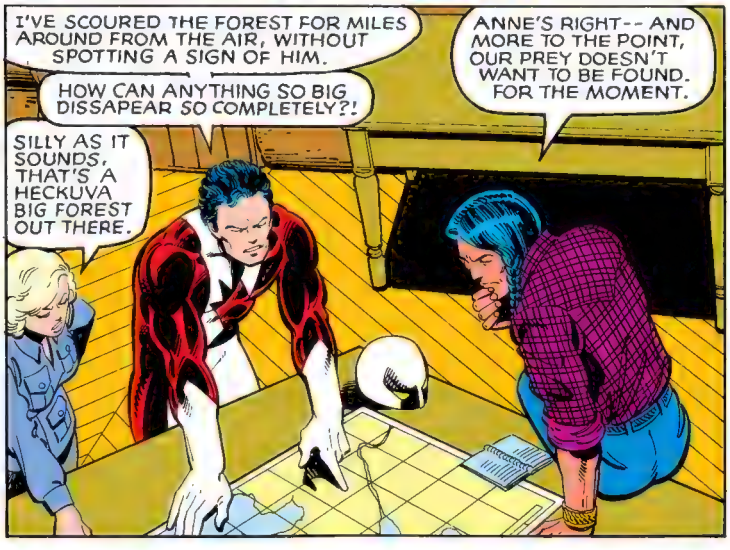
*X-MEN #'S 120 & 121 -- LOUISE.




AWAITING VINDICATOR AT THEIR BASE-CAMP, TWO TEAM-MATES: Dr. MICHAEL TWOYOUNGMEN, A SARCEE INDIAN PHYSICIAN, AND CORPORAL ANNE MacKENZIE, RCMP.
WEL-COME, JIMMY. WHAT NEWS?
NOTHING GOOD, I'M AFRAID. DEPARTMENT "H" SENT THE OTHER HALF OF ALPHA FLIGHT-- AURORA, NORTHSTAR AND SASQUATCH--INTO THE STATES, ON A COVERT OPERATION TO KIDNAP SOME ROBOT.*
*FOR THAT STORY, GENTLE READERS, CHECK OUT MACHINE MAN #19 ON SALE NOW-- LOUISE.

I ARGUED. I LOST MY TEMPER. I WAS OVERRULED. UNTIL THEIR MISSION IS COMPLETED, WE THREE ARE ON OUR OWN.
YOUR DAY ANY BETTER?
NO. MY MAGICKS TELL ME THAT THE CREATURE WE HUNT IS NEARBY, BUT I'VE NOT YET PINPOINTED HIM.

WE'VE BEEN AFTER HIM FOR OVER A WEEK, MICHAEL. THE MINISTER WANTS TO KNOW WHY IT'S TAKING SO LONG. HE WANTS INSTANT RESULTS.
SO WHY DOESN'T HE COME UP HERE AND DO THE WORK HIMSELF?
I HATE THOSE SMARMY LITTLE BUREAUCRATS!
SPOKEN LIKE A TRUE FIELD AGENT.
I'LL DO MY BEST, JIMMY, YOU KNOW THAT. BUT UNLESS WE GET LUCKY, IT'LL TAKE TIME.


I'VE SCOURED THE FOREST FOR MILES AROUND FROM THE AIR, WITHOUT SPOTTING A SIGN OF HIM.
HOW CAN ANYTHING SO BIG DISSAPEAR SO COMPLETELY?!
SILLY AS IT SOUNDS, THAT'S A HECKUVA BIG FOREST OUT THERE.
ANNE'S RIGHT-- AND MORE TO THE POINT, OUR PREY DOESN'T WANT TO BE FOUND. FOR THE MOMENT.

DON'T UNDERESTIMATE HIM, MY FRIENDS. HE'S STRONG, UNBELIEV-ABLY CUNNING, ALMOST IMPOSSIBLE TO KILL--EH?!
JIMMY, MY MYSTIC ALARMS--INTRUDERS!

THE THREE REACT IMMEDIATELY TO THE WARNING CRY. AS VINDICATOR DONS HIS HELMET, MICHAEL TWOYOUNGMEN BRINGS A PAIR OF SACRED WRISTBANDS TOGETHER, MAGICALLY TRANSFORMING HIMSELF INTO THE SARCEE MEDICINE MAN KNOWN AS **SHAMAN**. AT THE SAME TIME, ANNE MacKENZIE'S FEATURES BLUR LIKE SMOKE; WHEN THEY SOLIDIFY ONCE MORE, THE YOUNG MOUNTIE IS GONE.

IN HER PLACE STANDS **SNOWBIRD**, A SHAPE-CHANGER--A WOMAN OF HAUNTING, ELEMENTAL BEAUTY, YET ONE WHO IS NO LONGER QUITE... **HUMAN**.

SNOWBIRD--***OUTSIDE!***

FIND OUR VISITORS, BUT KEEP A LOW PROFILE. I WANT NO UNNECESSARY TROUBLE.

AFTER WHAT WE'VE SEEN HERE, JIM, I HOPE IT'S THE CREATURE WE'RE AFTER. I'D LIKE TO SEE HOW IMPRESSIVE HE IS AGAINST SOMEONE WHO CAN FIGHT BACK!

DON'T FRET, BOSS. I'LL BE CAREFUL. BE SEEING YOU, GUYS.

I SHOULDN'T WORRY. SNOWBIRD CAN HANDLE HERSELF IN A SCRAP-- SHE'S PROVED THAT MORE THAN ONCE. BUT I'M STILL CONCERNED.

SHE SEEMS TO TAKE ON THE MENTAL CHARACTERISTICS OF THE ANIMALS SHE METAMORPHOSIZES INTO. IF SHE SHOULD EVER LOSE CONTROL, IF THE BEAST PART OF HER SHOULD EVER TAKE OVER...

HEY, MAC--IF ALL THIS FUSS IS ON ***OUR*** ACCOUNT...

WHAT--?!

...DON'T BOTHER.

WOLVERINE, I HOPE--I ***PRAY***--YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING.

BE COOL, PAL.

WOLVERINE! NIGHTCRAWLER!

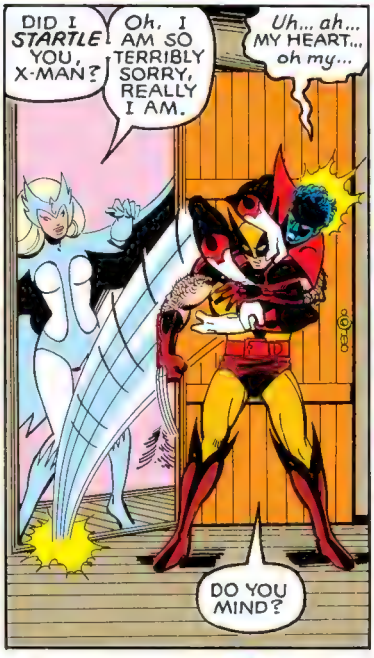
WHAT ARE THE ***X-MEN*** DOING HERE?!

I HAVEN'T THE FOGGIEST, SHAMAN. BUT IF IT'S TO SETTLE OLD SCORES, THEY'LL FIND US ***READY*** FOR THEM!

SHAME ON YOU, JAMIE. IS THIS ANY WAY TA TREAT THE PRODIGAL SON?
I'M NOT MAKIN' THE FIRST MOVE, FELLAS. BUT IF YOU START SOMETHIN', YOU SURE BETTER BE PREPARED TA FINISH IT.
STAY BACK, SHAMAN. IN THESE CLOSE QUARTERS, YOU'RE NO MATCH FOR WOLVERINE'S ADAMANTIUM CLAWS. LET MY BATTLE SUIT'S FORCE FIELD HANDLE THEM.
SHIKT

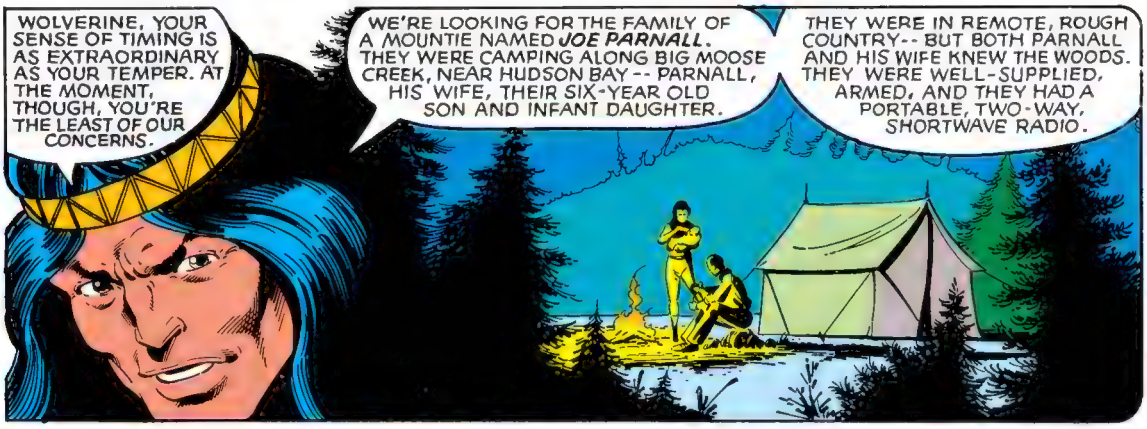
WOLVERINE, STOP THIS-- AT ONCE!
WE CAME HERE TO TALK, NOT FIGHT-- REMEMBER?
DON'T TELL ME, PARTNER, TELL THEM!
'CRAWLER'S RIGHT, MAC. I WOULDN'T MIND A GOOD SCRAP, BUT THIS AIN'T THE TIME FER IT. I'M WILLIN' TO ABIDE BY A TRUCE.

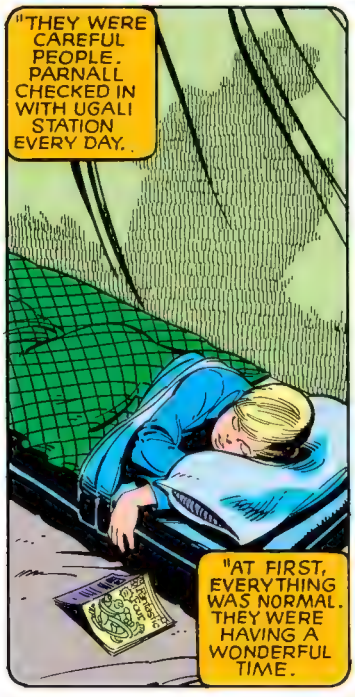
THANK HEAVEN. I...
YIKES!!
RRR!

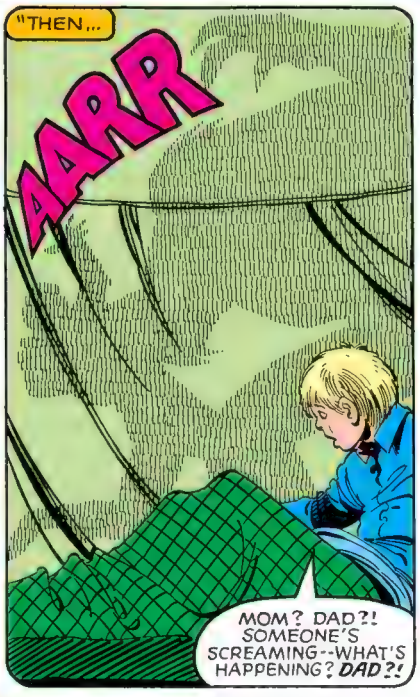

DID I STARTLE YOU, X-MAN?
Oh, I AM SO TERRIBLY SORRY, REALLY I AM.
Uh... ah... MY HEART... oh my...
DO YOU MIND?

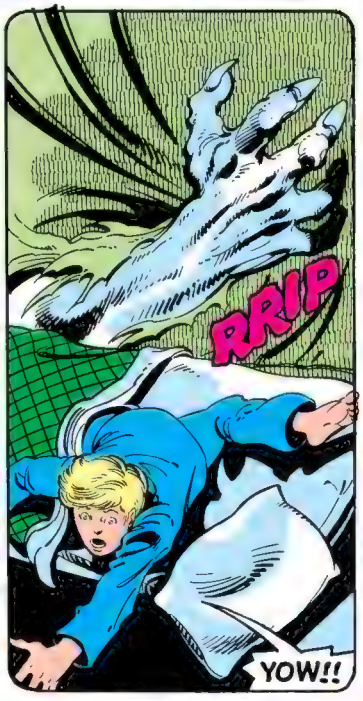
GET OFFA ME, WILLYA? BEFORE THESE BOZOS LAUGH THEMSELVES TO DEATH.
ONLY... IF IT'S SAFE.
RELAX, NIGHT-CRAWLER. YOU HAVE NOTHING TO FEAR--FROM ALPHA FLIGHT, AT LEAST.

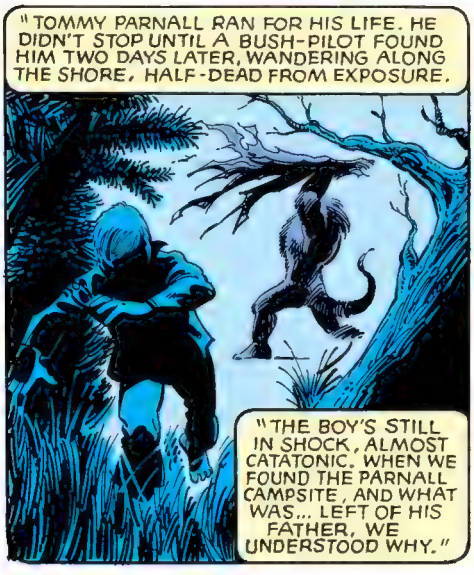
DÄNKE.
HOW DOES SHE DO THAT?
YOU EMBARRESSED HIM, MAC. USUALLY, NIGHTCRAWLER'S THE SCARER, NOT THE SCAREE.
YOU SAID WE HAVE NOTHING TO FEAR FROM ALPHA FLIGHT. THAT IMPLIES THERE'S SOMETHING LOOSE IN THESE PARTS THAT WE SHOULD FEAR? HEATHER TOLD ME THERE WAS TROUBLE.
THERE IS. BIG TROUBLE. FILL OUR... GUESTS IN ON THE GORY DETAILS, SHAMAN.


WOLVERINE, YOUR SENSE OF TIMING IS AS EXTRAORDINARY AS YOUR TEMPER. AT THE MOMENT, THOUGH, YOU'RE THE LEAST OF OUR CONCERNS.
WE'RE LOOKING FOR THE FAMILY OF A MOUNTIE NAMED JOE PARNALL. THEY WERE CAMPING ALONG BIG MOOSE CREEK, NEAR HUDSON BAY -- PARNALL, HIS WIFE, THEIR SIX-YEAR OLD SON AND INFANT DAUGHTER.
THEY WERE IN REMOTE, ROUGH COUNTRY-- BUT BOTH PARNALL AND HIS WIFE KNEW THE WOODS. THEY WERE WELL-SUPPLIED, ARMED, AND THEY HAD A PORTABLE, TWO-WAY, SHORTWAVE RADIO.


"THEY WERE CAREFUL PEOPLE. PARNALL CHECKED IN WITH UGALI STATION EVERY DAY.
"AT FIRST, EVERYTHING WAS NORMAL. THEY WERE HAVING A WONDERFUL TIME.


"THEN...
AARR
MOM? DAD?! SOMEONE'S SCREAMING--WHAT'S HAPPENING? DAD?!

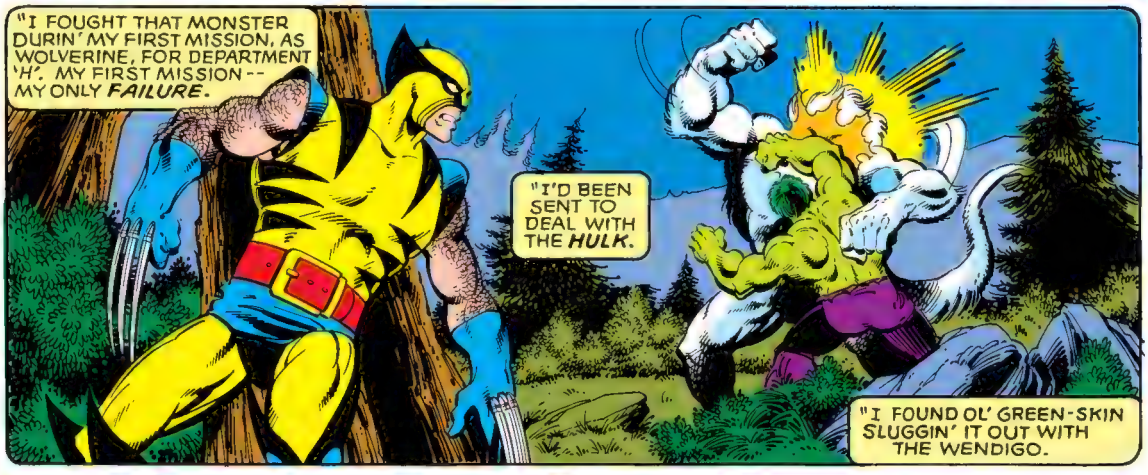

RRIP
YOW!!


"TOMMY PARNALL RAN FOR HIS LIFE. HE DIDN'T STOP UNTIL A BUSH-PILOT FOUND HIM TWO DAYS LATER, WANDERING ALONG THE SHORE, HALF-DEAD FROM EXPOSURE.
"THE BOY'S STILL IN SHOCK, ALMOST CATATONIC. WHEN WE FOUND THE PARNALL CAMPSITE, AND WHAT WAS... LEFT OF HIS FATHER, WE UNDERSTOOD WHY."

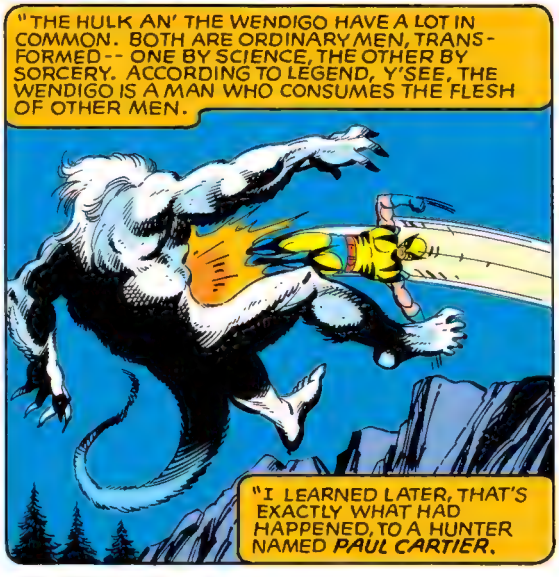
PARNALL MUST HAVE LITERALLY BEEN TORN APART BEFORE THE BOY'S EYES. WE THINK, AS WELL, THAT WHATEVER KILLED HIM... ATE HIM.
WE SAW NO SIGN OF EILEEN PARNALL, OR THE BABY. OUR BEST GUESS IS THAT THEY WERE TAKEN AWAY BY THEIR ASSAILANT. WE DON'T KNOW IF THEY'RE STILL ALIVE. I KIND OF HOPE THEY AREN'T.
THIS MOLD OF THE BRUTE'S FOOT SHOULD GIVE YOU A GOOD IDEA WHY.

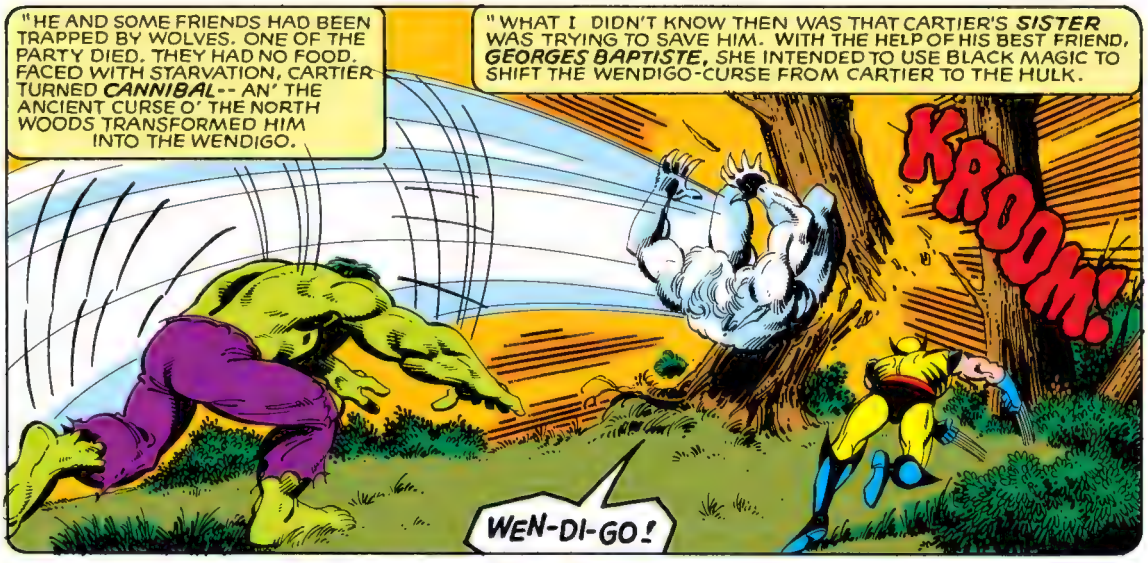
WE ASSUMED THAT A BEAR WAS RESPONSIBLE -- UNTIL WE STARTED SHOWING THIS AROUND. WE'VE CHECKED WITH GUIDES, TRAPPERS, NATURALISTS -- YOU NAME IT -- BUT NO ONE CAN IDENTIFY IT.
I CAN. IT AIN'T NO BEAR, JAMIE. IT'S SOMETHING A LOT WORSE.
HOW'S THIS FER ONE O' LIFE'S LITTLE IRONIES? I COME UP HERE TO TIE UP SOME OF THE LOOSE ENDS IN MY LIFE, AND WIND UP FACE-TO-FACE WITH THE BIGGEST LOOSE END OF 'EM ALL!

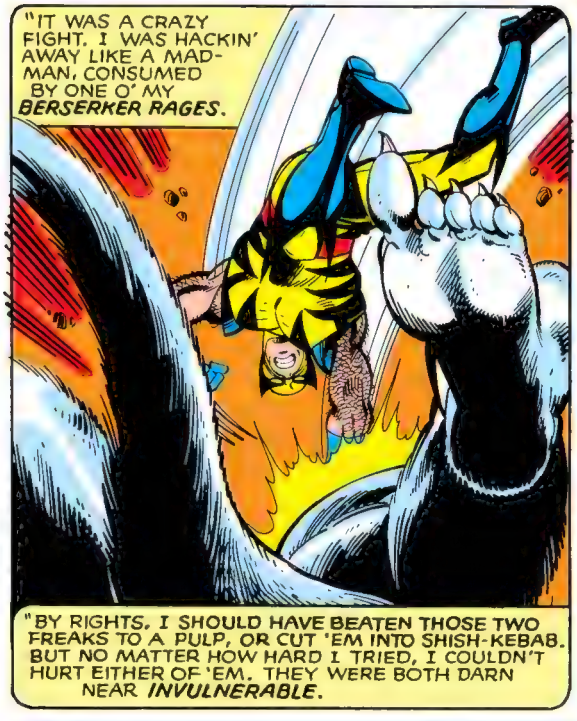
IT'D BE FUNNY IF IT WEREN'T SO FLAMIN' TRAGIC.
WHAT YOU'RE CHASIN', JAMIE, IS A MYTH, A LEGEND COME LIFE CALLED --
--THE WENDIGO!

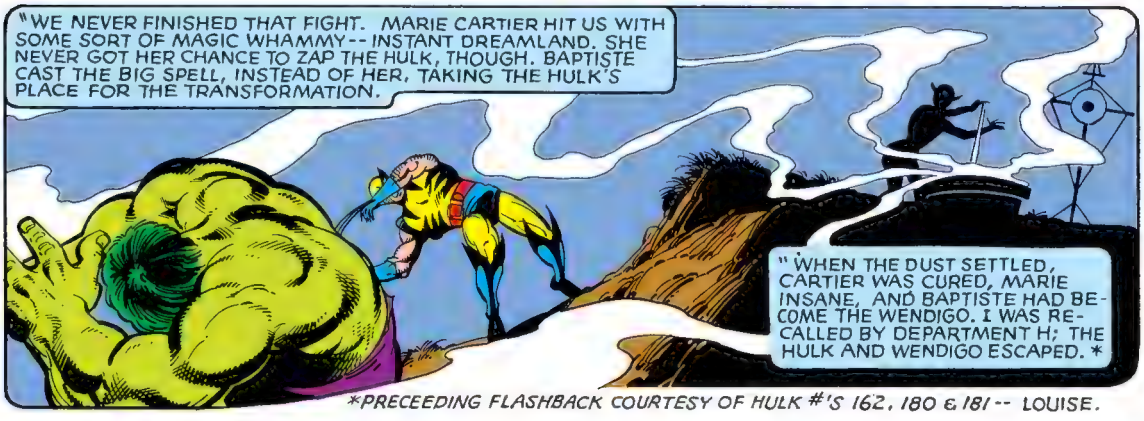

"I FOUGHT THAT MONSTER DURIN' MY FIRST MISSION, AS WOLVERINE, FOR DEPARTMENT 'H'. MY FIRST MISSION -- MY ONLY FAILURE.
"I'D BEEN SENT TO DEAL WITH THE HULK.
"I FOUND OL' GREEN-SKIN SLUGGIN' IT OUT WITH THE WENDIGO.

"I WAS A BIT... HEADSTRONG IN THOSE DAYS. I FIGURED TWO-TA-ONE ODDS MADE THIS A FAIR FIGHT.
IF YOU FREAKS WANT TO TANGLE WITH SOMEONE --
--WHY NOT TRY YOUR LUCK AGAINST -- ME!


"THE HULK AN' THE WENDIGO HAVE A LOT IN COMMON. BOTH ARE ORDINARY MEN, TRANSFORMED -- ONE BY SCIENCE, THE OTHER BY SORCERY. ACCORDING TO LEGEND, Y'SEE, THE WENDIGO IS A MAN WHO CONSUMES THE FLESH OF OTHER MEN.
"I LEARNED LATER, THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT HAD HAPPENED, TO A HUNTER NAMED PAUL CARTIER.







*PRECEEDING FLASHBACK COURTESY OF HULK #'S 162, 180 & 181 -- LOUISE.

I WAS OUT OF CANADA A LOT AFTER THAT-- DOIN' MY "JAMES BOND" NUMBER-- I NEVER GOT ANOTHER CHANCE TO GO AFTER EITHER HULK OR WENDIGO.
THERE'S JUST ME AN' THE MISFIT HERE, MAC, BUT IF YOU WANT OUR HELP AGAINST WENDIGO, IT'S YOURS FOR THE ASKING. TRUTH T' TELL, IT'S YOURS WHETHER YOU WANT IT OR NOT.
SINCE YOU PUT IT THAT WAY, LOGAN, HOW CAN I REFUSE?
THIS WENDIGO SOUNDS LIKE A FORMIDABLE FOE. PERHAPS I SHOULD RADIO HERR PROFESSOR AND ASK HIM TO SEND US THE REST OF THE X-MEN.
LET IT BE, KURT. THIS CAPER ISN'T JUST BUSINESS, IT'S PERSONAL-- BETWEEN ME AN' WENDIGO, AN' ME AN' MAC. THERE'S A LOT O' GRIEF BETWEEN US, PAL.
MAYBE THIS IS THE TIME--THE PLACE, THE CHANCE-- TO GET RID OF IT.
MEANWHILE, WE NEED OUR GEAR.
I'LL GET IT.
BAMF
OH!
NIGHTCRAWLER-- VANISHED!
HOW DOES HE DO THAT?
Y'KNOW, IF I REMEMBER RIGHT, WENDIGO'S PREFERENCE IS SUPPOSED TO BE FOR FRESH-KILLED MEAT. IF THAT HOLDS TRUE, EILEEN PARNALL AN' HER BABY MIGHT STILL BE ALIVE.
I MIGHT BE ABLE TO TRACK THEIR SCENT.
WE'VE TRIED. JUST ABOUT EVERYTHING ELSE.
FACE IT, JAMIE, IF ANYONE ON EARTH HAS A PRAYER O' FINDIN' 'EM, AN' BRINGIN' 'EM BACK WHOLE--
--IT'S ME.
I'M REALLY LOOKIN' FORWARD TO IT.

I NEVER REALIZED WOLVERINE FELT THINGS SO DEEPLY. HE'S A FAR MORE COMPLEX -- FAR MORE *HUMAN* -- PERSON THAN HE LETS ON.

UNGLAUBLICH! IT'S NEARLY MIDNIGHT, YET WE'RE SO FAR NORTH THAT THE SUN STILL HASN'T SET. AND THE SKY -- SO BEAUTIFUL -- LIKE IT'S ON FIRE.

THE COLORS... REMIND ME OF *JEAN*. IT'S BEEN MONTHS SINCE SHE DIED*, BUT IT FEELS LIKE IT HAPPENED ONLY YESTERDAY. AND IT STILL HURTS. FEW THINGS IN MY LIFE HAVE HURT AS MUCH.

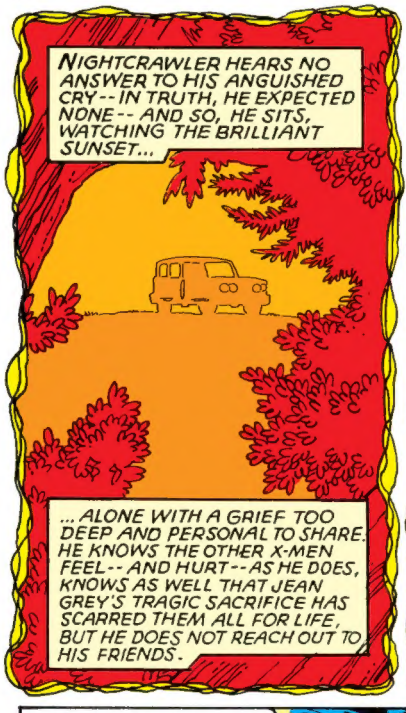
*IN X-MEN #137 -- LOUISE.

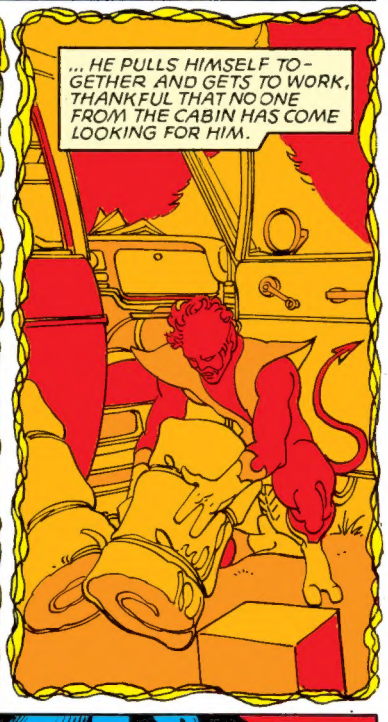
PART OF ME WISHES THAT PAIN WOULD PASS; PART OF ME PRAYS IT NEVER WILL. FOR THAT WOULD MEAN I WOULD HAVE BEGUN TO FORGET, AND SUCH PEOPLE -- SUCH EVENTS SHOULD NOT BE FORGOTTEN.

ACH, LOOK AT ME -- I'M CRYING LIKE A BABY!

DEAR LORD IN HEAVEN -- ***WHY?!*** WHY DID JEAN HAVE TO DIE?! WHY DID YOU TRANSFORM HER INTO PHOENIX IN THE FIRST PLACE?! ***WHY?!?***

HOW -- HOW COULD YOU HAVE BEEN SO... CRUEL?





WEN-DI-GO!
HELP!
NEXT:
RAGE!

MINUTEMEN

Sy13nt
Bob